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VOL. 6. NO. 155.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, Dec. 13, 1862.

BOBBETT—HOOPER

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

OUR NEW GOVERNOR — OR, AT LEAST, AS GOOD AS NEW.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY - - - - - - - BEGINNING OF A NEW VOLUME.

The Number for JANUARY, 1863, begins the Eleventh Volume of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The Staff of Writers regularly contributing to the Atlantic Monthly embraces many of the best known authors in American Literature, and warrants the Publishers in promising to its readers THE BEST ESSAYS, THE BEST STORIES, THE BEST POEMS, which American talent can furnish.

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The People's Weekly,
The New-York ERA for December 9th contains an original poem by GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, with a ringing letter; an original Poem by Mrs. LIEUT.-GEN. SCOTT; Sketch of Hon. Gilbert Dean; quaint Poem by Elsie Grey; new Story by Harry Halcyon; humorous articles by

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VANITY FAIR.

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The enormous advance in paper, and the necessary increased cost therefore in producing VANITY FAIR, forces us to announce that on the

FIFTEENTH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1862,

the retail price will be SEVEN CENTS PER COPY. We only ask for an advance sufficient to cover the largely increased expenses, and trust therefore our readers will cheerfully continue to support us. Our terms to Subscribers will be advanced (as below) on the

1st of January, 1863,

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AMUSEMENTS

ACADEMY OF MUSI
Director,.....J. GR
DINORAH — CORDIER — MONDAY, D 8th—DINORAH.
NOTICE.—The unqualified success of new opera of Dinorah and Mlle Cordier, the steadily increasing attendance, and to the universal desire for additional hings, have induced the manager to nounce several more nights of
DINORAH;
OR,
LE PARDON DE PLOERME
It will be produced for the sixth time New-York on
Monday Evening, Dec. 8
The music and the story are blend with the HAND OF A MASTER, and whole forms a combination so unique a excite the utmost admiration. The subj is a pastoral romance of great beauty novelty, conveying a moral at once impr sive and natural, while the picturesque of the whole invention, both in the tre ment of the story and of the music, jus entitles it to the distinction it now enjoys Europe.
MEYERBEER is distinguished for tempting what some critics denominate possibilities. One of these has been c pletely overcome in this opera, as in ot cases. Success, overwhelming and decisi has crowned his bold innovation. Co any one believe that, without becoming notonous, vast dramatic effects could produced by elements so simple, instead "a howling wilderness" or brassy sound reverberation? Yet this has been done will be learned by those who listen to opera, with its "Bell terzetto" at the cl of the first act, the grand dramatic terza of the second act, and the choice poetry the hunter's and the reaper's song in third act.
To secure for this great work the su success that has characterised its prod tion in all the great cities of Europe, wh it is now exciting the utmost enthusia Mr. Grau would state that he has paid ev attention in every department to place it fore the New York public in the MOST FECTIVE MANNER POSSIBLE.
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NEW COSTUMES AND
NEW APPOINTMEN
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MATILDA HERO
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THE TOWN SHOWS.

A FRIEND has just sent me the following correspondence, Mister Printer, to which I call your attention, as being about as curious a specimen of critical literature as I remember to have seen. I decline to express any opinion as to the subject-matter discussed, not caring to involve myself in so delicate a controversy and having other matters of more importance to think about. I cannot forbear saying, however, that I think Mr. ULLMAN deserves great credit for coming to the rescue of a very deserving though somewhat indolent artist, and that his affectionate enthusiasm in her behalf furnishes the world with a touching proof that even an *impressario* may be subject to the amiable infirmities of human nature.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. ULLMAN TO MISS NANNY.

MY DEAR NANNY: It has always been a system with me to prevent any artist from taking up the cudgels in his own behalf; but the attacks which are showered upon you in consequence of the way you perform your *rôle* in "Dinorah" are so manifestly unjust that, seeing you can neither write nor fight, some more intelligent and pugnacious person should come to your assistance and explain to the public that the goat in the French opera-comique of "Le Pardon de Ploermel" is quite a different creature from the goat in the Italian version of the grand opera of "Dinorah." The one is a raw and half-idiotic goat, with long, straggling, yellow hair, crumpled horns, and ungainly walk not unlike that of BRIGNOLI. The other is a goat of either the Angora or Cashmere family, and has played the part in London during the last four years exactly according to your own miraculous conception.

Those critics who have assailed you might as well blame you for not playing the bag-pipe like CORENTINO, or for having white kids instead of black, like brother GRAU.

Were it not that I have temporarily withdrawn from sublunary matters, I would fight your battles myself; but I hope you will manage to survive the treatment you have received, and you need not be afraid that I shall withdraw any of the Spanish or other contracts I am requested to negotiate with you, and to which, for the present, you so obstinately refuse to affix your mark.

Believe me, my dear Nanny,
Yours very truly,
NEW-YORK, Dec. 1st, 1862. B. ULLMAN.

MISS NANNY TO MR. ULLMAN.

MY DEAR FRIEND: It was very kind in you to come back into the world to defend me against the attacks of the stupid critics, and although you flatter me in intimating that I belong to either the Angora or Cashmere family, I take this as only a fresh proof of your personal attachment.

Requesting your acceptance of the accompanying pair of kids (all I have) as a token of my gratitude and affection, and promising to give your Spanish contracts all the attention they deserve,

I remain, very dear friend,
Yours very sincerely,
her
NANNY × GOAT.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Dec. 2d, 1862. mark.

Such was the excitement produced by this correspondence, that Mr. GRAU, who had decided not to give "Dinorah" again, promptly changed his mind, and, reëngaging Miss Nanny, (whom he had just paid off for the season,) announced the opera for a grand matinée on Saturday, and, by special request, for three or four final repetitions this week.

There is considerable jealousy at the Academy on account of the sensation so unexpectedly produced by the goat, but the other artists have held their own, while Mlle. CORDIER, by her exquisite grace and finish, both as a singer and an actress, has become the favorite of the town. BRIGNOLI is a good deal criticised for being so awkward in the part of *Corentino*, but as he is always awkward and travels exclusively on his voice, which in the matter of quality is unsurpassed, the criticism falls to the ground. Expecting BRIGNOLI to act is like expecting the goat to sing. The only fair charge against him is that when he is not in the mood, (which is pretty often, especially in "Dinorah,") he refuses even to sing. His best efforts this season have been in "Lucrezia Borgia" and "La Favorita," and when the weather was bad. Rainy evenings and thin houses seem to agree with him. I am afraid he has something of the obstinacy which ULLMAN attributes to the goat.

The next sensation at the Academy will be "The Masked Ball," with Mlle. CORDIER and GUERRABELLA. The latter, by the way, has just made a great hit in "La Favorita," her rendering of the long cavatina in the third act and of the closing scenes in the last act having taken the house quite by surprise. Miss STOCKTON had quite a little triumph also in the same opera, having succeeded (an all but unheard-of thing for a *seconda donna*) in winning several bursts of applause.

Mme. LORINI, after her immense success in "Lucrezia Borgia," seems to have retired on her laurels. In all the higher qualities of her art she stands among us, just now, unrivalled; and even in the matter of popularity comes in for a large share of the honors with Mlle. CORDIER. In this last respect, by the way, GUERRABELLA is fast coming up with both of them, and in Brocklyn, where the Academy is of reasonable size, stands a little ahead. The race is an exciting one, and ULLMAN—who, but for his prejudice in favor of NANNY, would have been appointed time-keeper instead of KINGSLAND—says, in the striking and original language of the dailies, that "it will form an era in the annals of the opera."

I owe an apology to my theatrical friends, Mr. Printer, for having given up about all my space, of late, to the Academy; but it is so rare that we have any opera that I seem to have no choice in the matter. Besides, the theatres, for the more part, give us no novelties; or, when they do, give us something about which the least that is said the better. They are all doing well, however. WALLACK'S, with the old comedies, better than ever; and NIBLO'S, with FORREST and MATILDA HERON, so well that for "Only Standing-Room," WHEATLEY will soon have to substitute "Only Breathing-Room."

The only theatrical novelty in immediate prospect is a dramatization for MATILDA HERON of Mrs. WOOD'S powerful story of "East Lynne," which will be produced to-morrow (Tuesday) evening at NIBLO'S, and to which, as the dramatic event of the week, I shall give particular attention in my next. Pppp.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 8th.

TRUTH IN JEST; OR, THE MILK IN THE COCOANUT.

WHEN CHARLEY—a citizen rather obscure,
Whose wit was as keen as his morals were pure—
Had won a fat office from profligate DAN,
(A clever, but very unpopular man,)
The latter remarked: "The people, you see—
What *can* be the reason?—prefer you to me!"
Said CHARLEY: "The reason, I do not opine,
Is owing to any great merit of mine;
But here is a fact which may give us a clue:
They *didn't* know *me*, and they *did* know *you!*"

Transporting.

WE are pleased to notice how liberally Gen. BANKS is furnished with Transports, and when he gets to work he will doubtless furnish us with a few in return.

A Fearful Pun.

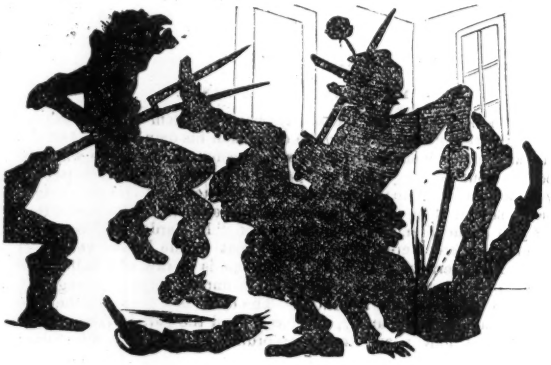
SOME idea may be formed of the absolute idiocy into which our Principal Punster is sometimes plunged, from the fact that yesterday, when the scarcity of Paper was under consideration, this wretched man suggested that the Up-town Churches should be called upon to furnish a few excellent Choirs.

A Reminiscence of Fairfax.

No. 1.—Lieut. Wobbles learns that it lies in his power to capture a Secession flag.

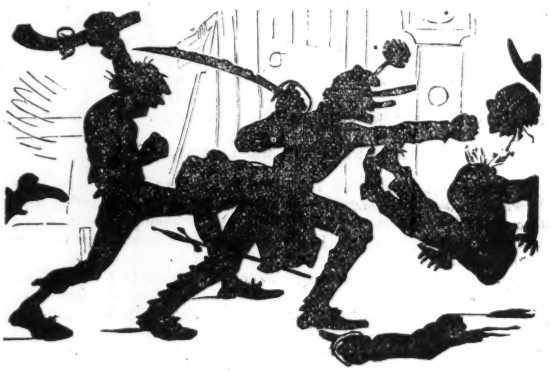
No. 4.—Lieut. Wobbles, having secured the valuable rag, turns his back upon the abodes of secession.

No. 2.—Lieut. Wobbles, armed and equipped, surrounds the habitation of a lineal descendant of Belial.



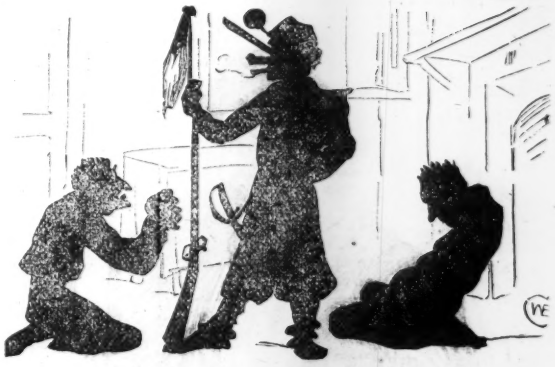
No. 5.—Desperate encounter of Lieut. Wobbles with the Rebel forces.

No. 3.—Lieut. Wobbles breaks as mildly as possible to the handmaiden in charge of the house his object in thus dropping in unannounced.



No. 6.—Critical position of Lieut. Wobbles.

No. 7.—Lieut. Wobbles brings matters to a close.



No. 8.—Lieut. Wobbles secures his flag and dictates terms of peace.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3d.

DEAR VANITY:—Here am I, in Washington once more, looking after things.

In my last I hinted, rather mysteriously, that I expected something to happen. . . .

Subsequent events indicate that my expectations may not be totally devoid of foundation.

Few papers are permitted to publish the statement which I am about to transmit to you.

I have had the greatest difficulty in persuading the War Department to allow of my making it public. . . .

Nothing short of a serious threat, in fact, convinced the able and dignified fellow who stands at the head of that department, of the necessity of making this statement to the many millions of gentlemen and ladies, in Boston and elsewhere, who read V. F. and worship the facile and genial writings of one whom modesty forbids me to name.

I threatened, in a word, to abolish the War Department entirely, root, branch, STANTON, and all.

. . . Then he wilted.

"Send on your news," he remarked, thunder in his voice and lightning in his eye; "send on your news, if you like, but mark my words. It's highly unwrong. The public oughtn't to know anything about the conduct of this War. It's my opinion *they know a derned sight too much about it already.*"

I could agree with him there, pretty easy.

. . . But, my news. It is, perhaps, the most important intelligence, and capable of exerting the greatest effect upon the excitable public mind, of any yet printed.

Undoubtedly, the stock-market will be greatly convulsed.

Let me know how consols are, immediately on receipt of this, and if they are cheap, get me a couple of good ones.

The news I have for you, I received from a gentleman of known ability, whose position near the Government enables him to speak with the confidence belonging to a confidence-man.

It was written on the back of an old letter, and handed me to-day during a private session of the Cabinet.

. . . As follows:

"The Government is about to take vigorous measures to put down and suppress the present armed Rebellion. It is believed that active steps are even now under consideration toward this end."

Comment is unnecessary.

. . . I was present at the opening of Congress yesterday. Do you know, my dear VANITY, I do not think much of the Chaplains? The Reverend Doctor SUNDERLAND, it strikes me, might have done better than to inaugurate this serious and difficult session of the Senate by lugging in that eternal bore, the Nigger, neck and heels.

Likewise Chaplain STOCKTON, of the House of Representatives, who thanked Providence for the "brightening prospects" of the same nuisance, while the prospects of we others, the whites, are decidedly under a cloud.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to let the political parsons do their political prayers in private, hereafter, and to have less sham piety and more business in Congress.

"*Laborare est orare.*"

I met President LINCOLN shortly after adjournment.

"Well, Colonel," said I, "we had the Nigger served up in every style last session; I hope we'll have something new now."

"There was a man down in Maine," said the President, "who kep' a grocery-store, and a lot of fellows used to loaf around thar for their toddy. Well, he only gave 'em New-England rum, and they drinked a pretty considerable of it. But after a while they began to git tired of that, and kep' asking for something New—something New—all the time. Well, one night, when the whole crowd was around, the grocer he sot out his glasses, and says he, 'I've got something New for you to drink, boys.' 'Honor bright,' says they. 'Honor bright,' says he; and with that he sot out a jug. 'Thar,' says he, 'that's something New—it's *New*-England rum!' says he. Now MAC," remarked ABRAHAM, shutting one eye, "I guess you're a good deal like that crowd, and Congress is a good deal like that storekeeper!"

LINCOLN is shrewd, and I am . . .

Ever yours,

McARONE.

THE POET TO HIS TURKEY.

THE Poet, sitting before his fire turning his Holiday Turkey, discourseth as follows:

While bards, with rolling optics, sing
The eagle whirling on the gale,
'Tis mine to gently touch the string
That vibrates to a tenderer tale.
Bird of my heart! it seems to me
I owe a grateful ode to thee.

The bulbul's music, wild and clear,
That on the night-air sweetly flows,
Brings no such rapture to the ear
As thy rare incense to the nose.
I love thee! be the truth confessed,
And long to fall upon thy breast.

The maids of musk in Aden's bowers,
Of whom the Eastern minstrels tell,
That crown with feasts love's blissful hours
On banks of blooming Asphodel,
Have no domestic fowl so nice
Among their birds of paradise.

Nor under ocean's combing waves,
Where mermaids dress their sea-green hair,
Exists there, in the coral caves,
A peer to thee, my charming Fare.
Excuse me, that I seem so fond,
Sweet mixture of brunette and blonde!

But while my flame I thus impart
And with desire's impatience burn,
Prepare, O *Dindon* of my heart!
To make me tenderest return.
My longing lips thou mayst not shun—
We two are destined to be one.

A Meeting of Extremes.

Alabama reported on the coast of Maine.

ONE AND ANOTHER.

Upon the verge of the City Park
There stood a ragged soldier,
Whose clothes all a-flutter, like buttonwood bark,
Suggested the close of the old year;
He looked like a *chiffonnier* out on a lark,
Though perhaps a trifle mouldier.

The deep-cut lines on his tawny cheek
Were a record of scanty rations,
And a sabre-gash was there to speak
Of the strife that has riled the nations.
War and famine, rags and reek,
Alas! they are near relations.

There was an inner light in his eye
As he grasped the hospital railing;
A flash that none might specify,
Nor menacing nor quailing;
A thin, pale gleam, on memory
Like a midnight lamp prevailing.

Falling on the far battle-glen,
On the red hill-side falling,
Where late amid the strife of men
Bullet was blade forestalling:
And he saw nor street nor stroller, then,
For his mind was busy recalling.

Over the way, from the grand hotel,
Smoking a light regalia,
Sauntered a military swell
Dainty as any dahlia,
His lemon kids pervaded well
With *bouquet de camellia*.

The bead that glistened in his eye
Proclaimed the gay vagary
When in the restaurant hard by,
With other blades as airy,
The amber wine he poured out high
To the song of the loud canary.

And there was something in his air,
As forth he went, parading,
That caught the eye of the old soldier
And set him to upbraiding
In strains that hardly would compare
With songs of serenading.

"Ay! that's the coward captain cuss
I knocked down with my daddle,
When, in the charge calamitous,
He led the wild skedaddle;
Though arterwards he fixed the muss
Upon another saddle.

"And this is life—the laurel leaf,
The height of soldier's glory,
When yonder lily-livered thief
Perhaps makes out a story
Gaining bright eyes to the belief
That his deeds were very gory.

"The rich their banquets for him spread,
While laurels newly sprouted
Surround his oiled and frizzled head
With a glory-ray undoubted;
Yet I, who fought, and fell, and bled,
Am shivering here without it!

"Thunder! I feel all over fire
To whip the loafing laggard;
Likewise a rampageous desire
To kick the pomptious braggart.
I'll shy my old black pipe at the liar—
There goes!—take that, you blaggard!"

JOANNES AND JONES.

It is buzzed about in private circles, that the celebrated Count Joannes, the Orator, is very much mortified at the appearance on this hemisphere of Mr. Mason Jones, namesake and brother-orator. The melodramatic nobleman first above named was so much better known in association with the late Mr. Shakespeare, as George Jones, than he now is in connection with visionary rank, as M. le Comte Joannes, that we do not wonder at his indignation on finding another Jones culling choice cucumbers and other flowers in the garden wherein he, the Count, was erstwhile wont to root and revel at his ease. Joannes, to do him justice, has surmounted a great many of the difficulties of grammar and such other shoals upon which orators often founder; but he has now a fence to get over which, expert Fencer as he is, will be a rasper for him. We allude to the "Paling of his ineffectual fires" by Jones. Mind, now, and do not mix Joannes up with Jones. The former professes to be an American nobleman—the latter is content to be accepted as a foreign gentleman. The metal of Joannes had a somewhat dull jingle when he last chinked it in our ears. The Currancy of Jones appears to compensate the public for the dearth of any other.

NO GO.

Louis Napoleon, (to young John Bull.)—"NOW, MON PETIT JEAN, GO IN AT YOUNG AMERICA AND INTERVENE, AND I VILL BACK YOU."

Young J. B.—"NO, I WON'T! I DON'T WANT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THAT CHAP—HE HAS FOOLED ME OFTEN ENOUGH ALREADY!"

BEECHER'S BLACK JOKE.

"In his Thanksgiving sermon, Mr. BEECHER, after glancing at the causes of national disorder, exclaimed, 'Dat's what's de matter!' in a manner that brought down the house."—*Sunday Mercury.*

In indecorous Paris, the godless profane
The Sabbath with shows for the sinful and vain,
But the fanes of religion they do not misuse—
Making stages of pulpits and boxes of pews.
No priestly *farceur*, in that profligate town,
GOD'S House on a Sunday brings noisily down,
With jokes that the *gamins*, elate with Bordeaux,
Would deem coarse in the mime of a twenty-sous show.
It takes Puritan Piety, nursed in the land
Where e'en travelling in church-hours was formerly banned,
To raise on that Day in GOD'S temples a clatter
With gushes of humor like "Dat's what's de matter!"

Brother BEECHER, bright star of the Puritan stage!
With a jest for each text on each Biblical page;
Man of vigilant ears and of eyes open wide,
(And of pocket agape for the greenbacks beside,)
'Tis a shame to your cloth, that ambition to shine
In low *rôles* in the lowest low-comedy line,
Should induce you to spoil, in a Sunday harangue,
All the "good things" of Bones by perverting his slang.
Every dog has his day, and no clerical pup
Should buffoon it in Church when the theatre's shut up.
Who does so will find all the prayers he can patter
Won't save him from Satan, and "Dat's what's de matter!"

It is lawless besides: should Volks-Garten-folk play
Low-comedy parts on that high, solemn day,
They'd be jugged, they'd be fined; why should BEECHER alone
Play the mime, undisturbed, in his circus of stone?
Plymouth Church has no theatre license, and yet
Is its pulpit a stage and its floor a parquette,
And there, in his great part of Clergyman Clown,
Brother BEECHER on Sundays gets dimes and renown;
While with stamping of feet and a storm of guffaws
Are dishonored Religion, the Day, and the Laws.
But what scruple has he the Good Cause to bespatter—
'Tis *himself* that he worships, and "Dat's what's de matter!"

THE LESSON OF THE GORILLA.

A LETTER FROM OUR OWN DIOGENES TO A PERFECTLY USED-UP YOUNG MAN.

MY UNHAPPY BOY: When I saw you first you were swigging champagne, and when I saw you last you were sipping swipes. Then you were clothed in purple pantaloons and a fine linen shirt—you have nothing, I calculate, but the front of it left now—and you fared sumptuously every day, whereas you don't now fare, however shabbily, oftener than once a week. When your friends, in response to your piteous appeal for a couple of three-penny stamps, sternly tell you to go and do something, you simper idiotically, and lisp out, "What shall I do?" You would enlist, but you are fatally deficient in the article of legs. You would lecture, but you haven't brains enough even for that lowest form of human industry. You would marry, but the ladies have rather than else a preference for giving their hands to those who know how to use their own. You would steal, if you had brains enough. You would beg in the streets, but your hat, which is too bad to wear, is too good to hold in your hand. You would sell yourself to BARNUM, only the fate which refused to make you quite a man, out of respect for the lower orders of creation, also refused to make you quite a beast. There is, as you think, no way in which you can make yourself useful to the world, but by taking yourself out of it—yet where, you ask in hideous agony, is the money coming from to buy the rope or the ratsbane?

Pause, O Sorrowful Seedy! and listen to me! There is a Gorilla in England that uses a needle and thread with great dexterity. I am not myself very well up in needle-work, though I have, ere this, stuck many sharp pins into the tender parts of foolish constitutions—but I believe that this Gorilla bastes, stitches, hems, plaits, and even threads his needle. Now, you may be made a little lower than the Gorilla. I admit it. But don't you think that you could succeed in some of the coarser kinds of needle-work—shirts, for instance, for making which the benevolent bosses pay about a dollar a dozen—shoddy jackets for the army, which are so far water-proof that they blow away before the rain comes—duck trowsers for marine miserables, destined, in the first gale of wind, to flutter, in their turn, over the unfathomable briny? Now don't you think, you poor, miserable, hungry and thirsty wretch, that you could make these almost as well as the Gorilla?

You are ashamed to do it, are you? 'Tisn't manly, I think I hear you lisping. All I have to say is, that if the Gorilla isn't ashamed to do it, you needn't be. Gorillas are Somebody in this world. Gorillas are worth hunting, and your creditors long ago came to the conclusion that you are not. Gorillas are learnedly described in books, and so are you, in the books of despairing tailors. Gorillas are rare and curious, but such as you are as common as postal currency. Gorillas are bold, but you are a crouching coward, afraid of honest work for honest wages. We shouldn't want this English Gorilla to hear of your objection. He might write to some of his relatives in this country to club together for the benefit of your soft head.

But then, poor sufferer, I respect the last feeble, fluttering instincts of manhood in your bosom. You long ago abandoned your claim to be considered of the sterner gender. Why don't you borrow a petticoat of one of your aunts, if you have one who still believes in you? Your voice is low and soft. A single grain of depilatory powder will rid you of that thin fringe which you call a moustache. Now is your chance! Take a lesson from the Gorilla. Sew and you will be less so-so. So no more at present from

Yours contemptuously, DIOGENES.

THE CITY FATHERS ON THEIR FRENCH.

IN the Board of Aldermen, on Wednesday week, a motion was made by Alderman JEREMIAH on the subject of presenting some kind of testimonial to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in recognition of the kind interest taken by him in those of this country.

Alderman WALSH wished to know how the name of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs is pronounced. Until that point was settled, he said that he, for one, could not undertake to pronounce upon the question of the presentation.

Alderman BOOLE wondered that any member of the Board could be so ignorant as not to know that the name of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs is DRY 'UN DE LOOSE. Some persons pronounced it DRY 'UN TO LEWIS—alluding to the Minister's relations as a sort of nurse to the Emperor—but that pronunciation was altogether inadmissible.

Alderman DAYTON guessed that DREW IN THE LIGHTS might be about the nearest thing to it. These diplomatic foreigners travel a good deal upon keeping people in the dark, and the French Minister might turn off the gas, as like as not, just when you thought he had turned it on.

A Member of the Board, whose name we did not learn, but who spoke rather thick, remarked that DRORNALEASE appeared to him to be the best and simplest pronunciation of the word. "Freshminster," he continued, "problybredlawyer and Drornlease before now."

Alderman HALL wished to enquire whether the last speaker did not found his pronunciation upon Old Bourbon French?

Cries of "Shame, shame!—good liquor never done nobody no harm!"

When order was restored, Alderman BOOLE moved that a Committee on Language be struck, for the purpose of establishing the proper pronunciation of the French Minister's name.

The Member of the Board, whose name we did not learn, here said that "Commish'ners o' Languish 'd have some work 'stablish pronunsheenglish not to say pronunshfrench."

Nine Members of the Board considered this remark personal, and demanded the removal of the speaker, who was at once sent up to the Forty-seventh Street Station-House for thirty-six days, in charge of Superintendent KENNEDY, Provost-Marshal BAKER, and Officer BOWLES.

Several very clever guesses on the question before the Board were then made by sundry Members.

Left guessing.

What's in a Name.

A CERTAIN Mr. POND STRONG, of Milford, Ct., writes to the Proprietors of a Medical Water, that whereas he was a Weak Pond Strong before drinking the kindly fluid, he has now been diluted by this celebrated water into a Strong Pond, with no Weakness whatever. From being no more than a mere Puddle, we suppose this Pond has now become a kind of Lake Superior.

A FINE opening for business men.
The Open Board of Brokers.

A SYNOPSIS OF GE: ERAL OPINION.

Hodge.—"WHAT'S MY OPINION OF THE WAR?—WELL, SO FAR AS I CAN RECOLLECT, I THINK I DON'T KNOW."

Podge.—"'GUESS I'M A GOOD D L OF THE SAME WAY OF THINKING, MYSELF!"

A Question for Art Critics.

WHEN you "don't see" a man's picture, would it be right to say of him that he possesses the *ars celare artem?*

Incontrollable.

IT has been wittily said of the new City Comptroller, M. T. BRENNAN, that he ought to change his first two initials, now, as the Comptrollership is anything but an M. T. honor.

Idol, but not Idle, Remark.

WE all have our idols—and it would have been well for the Secretary of War had he taken Jug Her Not for his guide, in the case of Mrs. BRINSMADE.

The fittest Arbitrator for the "Reindeer" Question.

MR. ROEBUCK.

Valuable Reflection.

A MAN may be ever so poor, he may be ever so unfortunate; but he need never be hard up for candles so long as he makes Light of his sufferings.

Another Reverse.

ELECTIONEERING is a very interesting business. It expands the mind, opens the pocket, conglomerates the ideas, and thickens the tongue..

As an example of its beneficial effects upon the intellect, we will mention the case of a man who was heard to say, on Tuesday last, that "the outgoing men didn't care a red stamp—they had feathered their bread first-rate and buttered their nests on both sides."

THE DISCARDED LIEUTENANT'S LAMENT.

AIR.—"The Irish Emigrant's Lament."

I'M laid upon the shelf, MARY,
My heart is very sore;
One cold November morn, Mary,
Old HALLECK me foreswore.
Once, flush of chinky—so to speak—
My lark soared loud and high,
Pale brandy's bloom upon my cheek,
The dew-drop in my eye.

I roamed at large through WILLARD'S bar,
Where I was wont to meeet
My brother-heroes of the war,
And tales of blood repeat.
No more "refreshments" now, I ween,
Nor slings nor cocktails rare,
Nor spree till with gray morning's sheen
Came Provost-Marshal's care.

Farewell to all—the drum, the fife,
The army's blissful ease!
Where late I lapped of sparkling life
I now absorb its lees:
But hope forbids me to give way
While Politics do reign,
My Congressmar will me array
With shoulder straps again!

Making Things Pleasant.

GEN. BUTLER is considered by the Secession Ladies of New-Orleans to be a Sour Sort of Man. This is very unjust; for we notice that in order to Sweeten the Society of that City, the General has sternly forbidden the exportation of Sugar and Molasses.

REFLECTIONS OF OUR CHIEF INEBRIATE

UPON COX'S RESOLUTION REDUCING THE DUTY UPON WHISKEY TO FIVE CENTS PER GALLON.

COX, my boy, how are you? COX, my charmer, give us your flipper! COX, you rascal, what will you take? This looks like legislation, this does! Now we begin to see the daylight, we do. Here they've been perpetrating all manner of foolish actions, a-taxing and a-tormenting everything and everybody, and how did they think we were going to stand it, without our bitters regular, good and cheap? How's Columby to come up, if Columby doesn't go down! COX knows a thing or two, COX does—COX knows how necessary his liquor is to the Member of Congress; and what I mean to say now is, and so I tell 'em, and no mistake, that if it hadn't been for whiskey, you wouldn't have had more than half as many speeches, and bills, and orders, and resolutions, and fights, and Congressional *Globes*, and victories both sides, and why should you tax, I proudly ask, the beverage which is so much enjoyed by that dear, old creature, the Very Venerable JAMES BUCHANAN, who imbibes regularly with sugar and hot water, and an older man you cannot find in this country, being also a Functionary, and its the Fluid of the Key-Stone which has preserved him; but how are you, if you tax whiskey, to keep 'em from putting in camphene, which is deadly; and, thanks to COX! the American Eagle will continue to moult—I mean mount, and spread his wings triumphantly; and here's to you, Old COX, and may we all be happy—and virtuous—and—

[NOTE.—The MS. of our misguided friend here becomes absolutely illegible. Where OUR INEBRIATE is, we do not know. At this point, he said he was going out for a moment, and he has now been absent a week.—*Editor of V. F.*]

To Persons about to "Fight the Tiger."

HE who lives by the Card may die by the Cord.

FROM THE SOUTH.

IT is stated by the Richmond correspondent of the *Grenada Appeal*, that a "large fleet of iron-clad Yankee gunboats have ascended James River as far as Harrison's Bar." We have the pleasure of informing the *Appeal* that the Yankee gentlemen in question mean to push on. They have only stopped at Harrison's Bar to liquor.

The Rev. General POLK, it seems, "acquiesces in the President's decision to sustain BRAGG." POLK was always a braggart.

Spurs are said to be plentier than boots at the South. Indeed, it is known that the Generals of the Confederate army blacken their bare feet now with a mixture of soot and grease, and then buckle on their spurs, thus producing in some measure the effect of boots. "The army must and shall be shod," says a Southern writer; but when the officers Soot themselves without shoes, we don't see why the soldiers shouldn't follow Suit.

There is a story told about a Richmond bride who paid $180 for her wedding bonnets, of which she had three, while her bridegroom appeared at the hymeneal altar with nothing put spurs on—his feet. Why the bride should have had three bonnets we can hardly guess, unless, indeed, she went to church in the assumed character of "The Hydra of Rebellion, or the Daughter of Cerberus"—which would be a very pretty idea for a *bal masqué*.

The army of the South is reported, by one correspondent, as being in "apple-pie order." Perhaps when the pie is opened the birds will begin to sing—but they will "sing small." Why doesn't General BURNSIDE go in at the apple-pie before it grows mouldy?

MISANTHROPIC REFLECTIONS

ON THE PRESENT ASPECT OF AFFAIRS.

A NICE pretty nation
To threaten creation—
Swaggering, bullying, even in death!
A fine ruling passion
To linger in fashion
When everything else is departed sans breath!

How those monarchs of power
Must tremble and cower,
When told of our fell resolution to rise—
Each man with his jaw full
Of threatenings awful—
On purpose the whole foreign world to chastise!

O folly egregious,
Of tirades so tedious!
The barking dog rarely or never will bite:
And vastly *more* foolish,
Ill-natured, and mulish,
Is rage when it speaks but an *impotent* spite.

Contented with bluster,
We might have passed muster,
And seemed quite as strong and as rich as before;
But we *must*, while defying,
Go groaning and crying,
And pray that kind Heaven our peace would restore.

And look at the tameness,
The wearisome sameness
Of all our fine talk about ending the war:
Don't we leave it to others?
Not one of us bothers
His head, hand, or heart, with the Cause he is for.

We sling our small pebbles
At some of the rebels—
So very like David that folks only laugh;
While they, like Goliah,
Come nigher and nigher,
So truly in earnest they've no time for chaff.

We say they're all vicious,
Insanely malicious,
Chockful of the devil by night and by day:
But something reminds us
'Tis passion that blinds us—
We feel 'tis absurd to go on in that way.

We wish *we* could fight so—
We wish we could write so—
We wish we had half their endurance and vim;
With eyes dim and dewy
We wish Jeff was Louis—
We feel 'twould be jolly to battle with *him!*

Let's look at things coolly,
Talk calmly, talk truly,
And, where we've a weakness, confess it as such:
We've made no manœuvre
Since yielding Vancouver
That's really frightened the world very much.

Let each small civilian
Who loves a *cotillon*
Better than fighting for Honor and Right,
Proceed with his capers—
Peruse his weak papers—
And leave doughty words to the heroes that fight.

Wide and Deep.

IN the Washington correspondence of the *N. Y. Tribune*, of the 2d instant, we read the following queer description of the "Hon. Mr. LAWLEY," who is supposed to be the Richmond "special" of the London *Times*:

"He was reviled on the turf, but is a man of high position, culture, wide, and elegant address."

We should like to know what the adjective "wide" in the above extract refers to. It might have reference to views; it might have reference to information; it might have reference to trousers: though, if we are to place implicit confidence in all that has been related to us respecting the "Hon. Mr. LAWLEY," we should suppose that "principles" might be the proper substantive with which to stop the gap that occurs after the adjective in question.

The Dogberries in Council.

THE worthy constable in "Much Ado About Nothing" is mildly paradoxical as compared with the Worshipful Dogberries of our Board of Police. He merely intimates that a man may be at once "tolerable, and not to be endured," but *they* insist that a Chief of Tipstaffs may be at once a lawless oppressor and a faithful officer worthy of the most unbounded confidence and the warmest eulogy. We ask thee, O Reader! if the following "sentence," just passed on Superintendent KENNEDY, the jailor of Mrs. BRINSMADE, does not take the shine out of Dogberry and Verges?

"*Resolved*, That the Superintendent be censured:
"*First*, For the detention of Mrs. BRINSMADE as a prisoner, without warrant or order in writing by competent authority.
"*Second*, For omitting to make application to the War Department for instructions in respect to Mrs. BRINSMADE.
"*Third*, For using the Station-House of the Board of Police for an unusual purpose without the previous consent of the Board.
"*Resolved*, That the Superintendent, by his earnest zeal, his fidelity, and by the ability he has shown in the discharge of his arduous duties, is entitled to and has the entire confidence of the Board of Police."

All the jokers of VANITY FAIR could not satirize the Police Commissioners as the latter have satirized themselves in the above resolutions. There, by their own act, they stand pilloried. It is only necessary to point to them—to hurl one offensive egg or epithet were a work of supererogation.

Spiritual.

The Tribune objects to the election of a certain gentleman to office, because he is "the owner of an enormous distillery, formerly a church." Will *The Tribune* tell us which is the wickedest—the church-members who sold for a Distillery, or the Distiller who bought?

A Change of Base.

THAT unfortunate patriot, KOSSUTH, who has, for some time past, been going to Grass, is now—so they say—going to Greece.